CARDINAL ON LABOR.

Interview With a Correspondent of the London Chronicle.

RIGHT AND VALUE OF ORGANIZATION.

Compulsory Arbitration as a Means of Settling Differences With Capital-Condition of Workingmen.

A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle, of London, Eng., who was in Baltimore last month, had a talk with Cardinal Gibbons on labor and other matters.

"I am deeply interested in the labor question," said the Cardinal, "and have always been so, since it is the fundamental question of our time, next to the deeper and every reasonable demand of labor, short of actually attacking any form of You know that the Catholic Church has always respected the inviolable social

"But how about certains forms of property believed to be immorally acquired? For instance, your Eminence is aware that not a few of your countrymen regard such a capitalistic organization as the Standard Oil Trust as having secured its position by abominable means."

what is done; we must be content to frame laws which will prevent unjust acustice here, at least the people have acquiesced in it. We shall not benefit the laborers by despolling any class."

"Do you favor the immediate practical rogramme of labor organizations in England and America?"

"I am strongly in favor of labor com ination, the denial of which to the workingmen while the capitalists are organized into great corporations is monstrous. So far as I know their programme I favor it, but give me some definite points?" "Well, there is, for example, the eight-

don't profess to be able to discuss the economics of that question, for I am, so to speak, a layman in these things. But I am strongly for greater leisure for the I am strongly for greater lessure for the people. I grieve that men should live to toil, instead of tolling to live. The idea of men grinding away their lives, gobbling down their food, seeing nothing of their families, especially while other men are unemployed, is monatrous. Let every the property of the control of the man have sessure for enjoyment, domes-tic life, reflection, and culture. You re-collect King Alfred's division of his time-cipht hours for eleep, eight for religious fluty, and eight for public work. That is

rational and right."
"Are the working-classes here better off than they were; and do you look for a peaceful solution here of the great labor

PEACEFULLY SOLVED.

"Yes, so far as Baltimore is concerned, the condition of the workingman is far better than it was; no doubt of that. And I see no reason why, in the main, the labor question should not be peacefully solved here. There may, and probably will be, temporary and sportaine troubles. but there is a growing reason in America which will deal rationally with these dif-ficult problems. I confess I do not like strikes, they seem to me wrong in principle, and they cause disorganization which is not easy to rectify."

"What would your Eminence suggest to prevent them? Would you favor compul-

"Yes, I look favorably on that. I think each one of our States, and in certain in-etances the Federal Government, should stop in and compel warring factions to rome to terms. And this compulsory ar-bitration might be supplemented by volunmethods, approved by both capitalists and workmen. But the law should be also and workness. But the government cannot be called in, and the government cannot be fetter employed than it has been in Eng-leged in connection with the coal dis-

OLD CATHOLIC FAMILIES.

OLD CATHOLIC FAMILIES.

"The Catholic Church in the United States is, I believe, mainly composed of wage-earners?"

"Well, yes: in the main, especially in bur great cities. There are exceptions, however. We have rich men in New York, and here in Battimore. There are bid Catholic families here, eaching back to the foundation of the city and the State of Maryland—old English Catholic families. I am glad to say, too, that here and in Washington the Catholic Church takes in a considerable portion of the colored population. We have 20,000 to 40,000 negro Catholics in Maryland and the District of Columbia, and in Baltimore we have two entirely colored churches. In some of our churches black and white meet together, but generally the prejudices are against it. I regiet those prejudices exceedingly, but we cannot ignore this fundamental social fact in the South."

The conversation turning to other rel-jects, I said.
"The Catholic Church is maintaining its position through the United States, your eminence?"

whose keen vision was tempered by the soundest and most statesmanlike judg-ment. Yes, I agreed with all he did, and I admired his work in connection with the dock strike of 1889. All that he did he did out of his heart."

HER SPOOK PROTECTOR.

The Ghost Upset Prospective Mains Matrimony and Unmasked a Villain. If you ever ride over this stage line Uncle Ike Jones-and you must do

it pretty quick, for the Bangor and Aroostook road is nearly complete-perhaps he will tell you the ghost story that you'll pass. There's love in it, and tragedy, too, says the Lewiston Journal. There was a real nice girl who used to live in that house. Her father had some ney, and every one hoped that Ella uld find a good husband somewhere.

Weil, all at once a young man appeared a that neighborhood. No one had seen im before, but he was bright-eyed, good-oking, and he evidently had a little toney. He told a story of health lost in

even guessed at for some time.

At last the young lady's father, remarking that the curious demonstration

something about that young man that wasn't just right, and at last, despite tears and protestations on both sides, he forced him to cease his visits, and gave stout orders to his daughter to see the

After this there seemed to be no business for the emphatic ghost, and he hung up his shovel and hammer.

A month or so later a keen-eyel man rode up on the stage, made some inquiries in the neighborhood very quietly, and suddenly nabbed the young man of whom

I have spoken.
La, la! How the community's hands Why, that young man had stolen money, had deserted a wife, and oh, he was a bad stick, a very bad stick gen-

wasn't the girl lucky? Wan't that ghost a treasure? For that is just how they always booked at it in that community—that he was resolved to break up that courtship. Perhaps he was an enemy or victim of the young man's; perhaps he was an an-cestral spook of the young lady's, and that is the more plausible supposition.

LEGAL LOVERS' VOWS.

An English Paper Proposes to Simplify Breach of Promise Suits.

The London Spectator, moved by the painful spectacle of the modern breach-ofpromise case, proposes a novel expedient in order to overcome the difficulties which such suits present. It says: There would be one very simple method of lightening the task of the jury, which would also

A GREAT SNAKE FARM THE REPTILE FAMILY HAS

They Readily Respond to the Sweet Strains of the Violin-An Interloping Adder-Some Snakeology.

MASTERED BY A KENTUCKIAN.

(Lancaster (Ky.) Correspondent of the St. Louis Republic.)

Garrard county, for a blue-grass county, has a great variety of picturesque scenery. Hours upon hours can be pleasantly spent on the shores of the Kentucky river and the Dix river, both of which wash her shores, admiring their stupendous cliffs, which rear their evergreen

heads towards the shining sun. A short distance from Lancaster, our county seat, at the foot of the rolling hills which trend off towards the classic shades and entangled dells of "Sweetwater Creek,"

It is doubtful if he ever admitted any one but your correspondent to the inmost recesses of his picture-gallery. Strolling in that direction a few days ago, I found the distinguished artist, for the first time, nother hasy with his hand you to is this most remarkable circumstance: the distinguished artist, for the first time, neither busy with his hand nor in profound meditation, but in a talkative, communicative mood. He at once invited me into his rallery on entering which a stept dollar he would lend me. That shows you have been a stept of the step of the into his gallery, on entering which a sight burst upon my view which almost staggered me. The walls were entirely covered, and all kinds of stands and tables were likewise covered with pictures, all from the pencil of the wonderful artist. They were arranged and numbered after a most perfect system of his own range.

ulity.

The first picture was that of a landscape with a perfectly-painted smake at a dis-tance in the background. The next picture exhibited a snake further to the front, with another snake in the background. As you pass along the gallery snakes increase in arithmetical progression until they become the foreground, and, in fact, it is all snake and no background whatever. From that point forward you see nothing but snukes. Snakes of all sizes all colors, and conditions—in repose, writh ing, twisting, and hissing—so true to life hat you can almost see them goin through their various performances. While contemplating this remarkable scene a gentle zephyr stirred the canvas and put the snakes in motion. My blood froze, my hair stood on end, and I was rooted to the spot, terrified but charmed, I knew there was no danger, but could not What I had taken to be a picture of a very large-spotted snake was the skin of a snake, stuffed and hung up, the artist being somewhat of a taxidermist also

MUSIC AND SNAKES.

RALIGOROS IN JAPAN.

RALIGOROS

debate on finance had spread, and all that part of Mississippi laid aside its labor looking, and he evidently had a little money. He told a story of health lost in the city, secured board with a farmer, and occupied himself trading horses and dickering generally—a very convenient young man to have in a community. Of course he became acquainted with Ella, took her to the dances, and—well, we may skip over all of that and come directly to the time when he called upon the young lady, tacitly accepted as her successful suitor. Then during his calls some most extraordinary demonstrations would take place. I can't begin to tell you half of them. It was quite generally agreed that a ghost was at the bottom of it.

The spirit was certainly muscular and enceprising. At times' twould sound as though he were shoveling shingles off the roof, ripping them up most viciously. Then there would be a rioting sound in the attle, as though some one was tearing up the floor and jogsling the roof. At times there would occur a horrible tation in the air-tight stove beside which the community and was the source of most. couple were sitting.

All this excited much comment in the community and was the source of most exquisite terror to the household wherein it occurred.

There were no midnight tappings, swishing of garments, and cold hand-clasps, or any sneaky, otherdox ghostly manners in the etiquette of this spook—but he appeared to be a healthy, athletic, determined spirit who had a purpose for to perform.

What this purpose might be was not even guessed at for some time.

At last the young lady's father, remarking that the curious demonstration.

It is doubtful if he ever admitted any years ago. I will not dwell on my remarked.

They were arranged and numbered after a most perfect system of his own, ranging from one up into numbers which I dare not give, for fear of exciting increduity.

The first picture was that of a landscape

AN IDEALLY BAD BABY. The Tyrant of the Household and Hov

He Buled. (Mark Twain's "Pudd'n Head Wilson," January Century.)

Tem was a bad baby from the very beginning of his usurpation. He would cry for nothing; he would burst into storms of realize it. The artist brought me back to devilish temper without notice, and let squall, then climax the thing with "hold-ing his breath"-that frightful specialty ing his breath"—that frightful specialt which the creature exhausts its lungs, then is convulsed with noiseless squirm-Smilingly be told me that that snake ings and twistings and kickings in the

self on a former day; in fact, Allen suc- criginally, was begotten by the rivalry ceeded him. They met an immense mass- between owners and the partisans of the several horses in a race, and has become such a passion among the Anglo-Saxons most perfect specimen of the equino race, is nothing more nor less than a gigantic gambling machine. His plebeian brother, the American trotter, it is to be regretted, is fast following in his footsteps.

Gamblers excluded, every man who believes in improving the blood horse regrets that betting has become necessary to the success of race meetings. Could gambling

success of race meetings. Could gambling be eliminated from racing the undesirable elements would not dominate the race-course as they now do, and the track would be sought more frequently by our wives and daughters. So interwoven, how-ever, is betting with racing that there is little doubt if the law against it is rigidly enforced, nearly, if not quite, every race-course in the United States will for a long time be that up, and as a necessary contime be shut up, and as a necessary con-sequence a severe blow delivered to the breeding interests of the country, as far John? breeding interests of the country, as far as it relates to the blood horse. But while this is true, and while also the loss to breeders all over the country would be greater than it now is, for there is already a great depression in the horse-breeding industry owing to over-production, when the great question of public morals is at stake the interrogatory as to which chall be sacrificed is easily answered by every citizen who has at heart the welfare of society.

John?"

"Oh, not much," he said absent-minded-lip, "You can get a rattling pretty one for \$12 or \$15 a week."

Before he had time to read the first sentence of the article he had started on he was suddenly jarred into consciousness of the fact that his wife was referring to machines, not to operators, and that somehow he had made a serious mistake. A HISTORY OF BOOK-MAKING.

At Hist inneture, when our local courts are about to be engaged with the trial of an alleged violation of the law against betting on one of the tracks of the District, a brief history of book-making and its offspring, winter racing, may prove instructive, as well as interesting. Each had its inception in what is known as death racing, a deep received by dash racing. A dash race, except be-tween half-breds on country roads in the thoroughbreds previous to 1961. Races prior to this period were usually run in two, three, and four-mile heats, endurance being considered a greater desideratum than speed. In 1864 dash racing was inaugurated at Saratoga as an experiment, and in initiation of a like sport that had gradually been growing in public favor in England John Morrissey. gust Belmont, William Astor, and others, founded Jerome Park, Mr. Belmont's

founded Jerome Park, Mr. Belmont's founded Jerome Park, Mr. Belmont's founded Jerome Park, Mr. Belmont's to make money, but to afford sport in which gentlemen could induige.

While Jerome Park was a silk-stocking organization, and heavily patronized by the wealthy class, Morrissey, at Saratoga, and false though probable details were perhaps the first examples of the sport of the particular of the wealthy class. catered to the populace and daily coined the dollars. He was shrewd enough to see that the public preferred to witness five short races in an afternoon, instead of two long ones. Contests between 2-year-olds were also encouraged, and poolseling was established from the basin-selling was established from the basinless fair and honest to the better than

AT MONMOUTH PARK.

at work it does not require a diagram to explain why racing, founded for a noble purpose and for the development of a noble autmal, has failen into such disre-

purpose and for the development of a noble animal, has failen into such disrepute.

The Malady of the way—Nervousness.

(St. James Bazette.)

Dr. William Erb, the famous psychologist, of the University of Heidelberg, has just delivered, on the occasion of the anniversary of that institution, a lecture dealing with the question why growing nervousness is one of the features of our century. According to a report given by the Dally News, Professor Erb says:

"As the nervous system represents the basis of the whole vital energy, it is natural that all the events of life must affect it, and the great revolutions in political and economical, in social and religious life, and in scientific and artistic aims, could not fail to have a strong induced on the mind and brain of man. The most intense and common forms of nervousness are hysterics—which is also increasing among the male sex—hypochrondria, and, above all, neurasthenia. No organic or anatomic change in the discases. They only represent abnormal

a pulp, while the host of domestic warriors slided proudly back to their respective places."

Just at this point the dinner bell rang.
I was invited in, but I can assure you
my appetite was frightened away from
me, and I did not do more than half just
itie to the ample spread before me, and
my dreams have been of snakes and
snageology ever since.

PRIVATE ALLEN'S PROPOSITION.

It was the Means of His Re-Election to
Congress.

(Washington Star.)

Racing is no longer "the sport of kings."

Racing is no longer "the sport of kings."

Racing is no longer "the sport of kings."

It is to be regretted that under the system
known as "book-making" it has become a
sport in which even gentlemen includes

proposition of the features of a political campaign is the joint debate beliven cardidates.

Congress.

(Washington Post.)

Other interest of the grows materialism, masks
become too loud, even palating does
not heatilate to show us the ugliest sides
of human life. The pursuit of soleace is
now exhausting by its being split up into
all corts of excitement and shocks. Added
to the excitement of one's profession are
the hurry of life, the restingeness which
finds expression in travelling, and, above
all things, the givater part of the populating is engaged in political, social, and
lating is ringless. All of these things
must have a baneful effect upon the bur
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TWO KINDS OF TYPEWRITERS. He Could Get a Rattling Fretty One at \$12 or \$15 a Week. (Chicago Post.)

"I suppose typewriters are very common now," she said, musingly, as she settled back in her favorite rocking-chair

after dinner.

"Oh, yes," he said, "they're quite a necessity in every line of business."

"You have one?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, as he hastily looked over the evening paper. "I'd feel best without one." "Lightens your work, does it?"

"Lightens it? Why, it makes it an solute pleasure. I wouldn't be without one for the world."

"It makes it pass so rapidly that you hardly notice it." "How much does a good typewriter cost,

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL. Lyall's Attempt to Define Its Gradua

Evolution. (Westminster Gazette.) The advertised title of Sir Alfred Lyall's ecture at Toynbee Hall on Saturday night exture at Toynbee Hall on Saturday night was the "Decline of Fables," but to say torical novel gives a more exact idea of Sir Alfred's brilliant and suggestive lec-ture. Arguing from his Indian experience he expressed his disbellef in the atmos-

and conflict of these legends was a more or less true reproduction of the wild and energetic conditions of life existing in those bygone ages.

Then came some sort of historic inquiry, and the outlines of famous men such as Charlemagne were taken as true, and as to details filled out by romance, till send great arms begunn the figure.

till each great name became the figure-head of a whole shipload of legends. The historic sense slowly prevailed, but among the ordinary people King Lear and Henry The same effect is practically the result of the magnificent though impossible romances of Sir Walter Scott, and of the ously only possible for artists of the firs order. Of these Thackeray's ulated by Morrissey's success at was a remarkable example, and his por-

(London Telegraph.)
Sir Edward Bradford, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, has tycently bedevoting some attention to street advettising, as carried on by sandwich me

As an exemplification of the profits of bookmaking and as an illustration of how necessary it is to the success of modern race meetings, it was stated by a member of a local racing association in the area of the contractors as of the contractors are contractors as of the c

(The Churchman.)
In the western part of Massachusetts Ing that if the gates of the track were thrown wide open to the public the club, he believed, would make more money than an it was then making by charging an entrance fee. What he meant was that more people would attend, more books would go on, and betting would be stimulated thereby. Bookmaking has not only revolutionized racing in the United States in the manner already stated, but in addition thereto it is largely responsible also for the revolution that has gradually gone on in the ownership of horses that are raced. Gent@men of high character still own and race horses, and all who are interested in the sport know who they are, and it is equally well known that they are sadly in the minority. It was to the interest of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaking that the ownership in race horses should be diffused, hence by the aid of bookmaker@herwd fellows! The poor hen had sacrificed her years since, now either own or control horses. With such influences insidiously at work it does not require a diagram to the first as Castabianca held his on the bookmaker@herwd fellows! The poor hen had sacrificed her by years since, now either own or control horses. With such influences insidiously at work it does not require a diagram to the state of the same stock out in the barn and burner and burned to send howers at few and then the barn had sight to see the audience listeaced in

litical campaign is the joint debate between candidates. The second time the Hon. John Allen was up for Congress his of finance. Allen accepted. His rival was a banker, and had been in Congress himself on a former day; in fact, Allen sucten among the perennial jokes and dry bumor of Mark Twain, Frank Stockton, humor of Mark Twain, Frank Stockton,
Joel Chandler Harris, and Nelson Page.
Among some of the older American
books of humor I remember with pleasure "The Sparrowgrass Papers" and
"Phoenixiana," and would like to transcribe for the readers of the Dispatch
the following natural and yet most grotesque article from John Phoenix, published in California about 1851:
MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT - DEATH

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT - DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN. Mr. Mudge has just arrived in San weather on that day, Mr. Mudge has just arrived in San's Diego from Arkaness. He brings with him four yoke of exen, seventeen American cows, nine American children, and Mrs. Mudge. They have encamped in the rear of our office, pending the arrival of the next coasting steamer.

Mr. Mudge is about 37 years of age; his haje is light, not a "aable-silvered,"

Mr. Mudge is about 37 years of age, his hair is fight, not a "sable-silvered," but a yaller, gilded; you can see some of it sticking out of the top of his hat. His costume is the national costume of Arkanasa-coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons of homespun cloth, dyed a brownish-yellow, with a decoction of the bitter-barked butterhut, a pleasing alliteration. His countenance presents a determined, combined with a sanctimonious expression, and in his brightly-gicaming eye—a red eye, we think it is—we fancy a spark of poetic ferver may be distinguished.

mr. Mudge called on us yesterday. We were eating watermelon. Perhaps the reader may have eaten watermelon; if so, how difficult a thing if is to speak when the mouth is filled with the luscious fruit and the slippery seed and sweet, though embarrassing, julce is squizzling out all over the chin and shirt-bosom. So, at first, we said nothing, but waved with our case-knife toward an uneccupied box, as who should say sit down. Mr. Mudge accordingly seated himself, removing his hat, whereat all his and, removing his hat, whereat all his been bedieved to ondition with alarming seriousness.

There was a solemnity in Mr. Mudge's aused, and holding a large slice of water melon dripping in the air listened to what he might have to say.

"Thar was a very serious accident tappened to us," said Mr. Mudge, "as we was crossin' the plains, 'Twas on he bank of the Peacus river. Thar was and her around-tong, and another young feller. He call the globes all in fe a young man named Jeames Hambrich thong, and another young feller. He got on too fooling with his pistil, and he shot leames. He was a good young man, and hadn't a enemy in the company. We hadn't a enemy in the company. lid, and as we went off these here lines sorter passed through my mind " So eaying Mr. Mudge rose, drew from his Alas! for e drew from his cout-tail pocket a large ofton handkerchief, with a red ground cotton handkerchief, with a red ground and yellow figure, and slowly unfolded it, blew his nose—an awful blast it was—wiped his eyes, and disappeared. We publish Mr. Mudge's lines, with the remark that any one who says they have no posts or poetry in Arkansas would doubt the existence of William Shakespeare:

Here

Dirge on the Death of Jeames Hambrick. (By Mr. Orion Mudge, Esq.) It was on June the tenth.
Our hearts were very sad.
For it was by an awful accident
We lost a fine young iad.

Jeames Hambrick was his name And also it was his lot. To you I tell the same. He was accidentally shot.

On the road his character good Without a stain or blot. And in our opinions growed Until he was accidentally shot. A few words only he spoke, For moments he had not, And only then he seemed to choke, "I was accidentally shot."

We wrapped him in a blanket good, For coffin we had not. And then we bursed him where he stood When he was accidentally shot.

This is all, but I write at the time a plusif, which I think is short and would to go over his grave:

EPITAFF. Here lies the body of Jeames Hambrick, Who was accidentally shot On the bank of the Peacus river

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

A Pathetic Incident Not Down on the Auditorium Programme.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The Auditorium was again the scene of a great throng the other evening that filled the building on floor and gallery. The service had just begun, and Mr. Bilhorn was singing "We Are Walting Would prize.

Bilhorn was singing "We Are Walting would prize.

And shun every lad till he's learned at the same and the sa

thuance of the manifestations of the Holy Spirit.

The man listened with eyes wide open, and near the close of the prayer he drew his sieeve across his eyes. Not very far away from him sat a woman in scanty, worn attire. The bonnet she wore was of the cheap kind, soiled, crushed, and long since out of date. There was a pathetic expression in her eyes that spoke of hard.

Are lost in the sw since out of date. There was a pathetic expression in her eyes that spoke of hardships and disappointment. Among the great throng of people none seemed more desolate than she.

"What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" were the words which Dr. Chapman announced as his text. Then he began to tell of the day of wrath: he

or judgment, and warned his hearers of the all-pervading presence of God. There was no escaping His eye or the judgment to come. "If you take the wings of the morning and fly away to the uttermost parts of the earth, behold, He is there," rang out the evangelist in triumphant tones.

The man in tattered clothes was all attention, the woman's head was howed.

"What will you do in the day of judgment? Do you know what it is to pass into sternity?" The audience was silent as the speaker paused. Then he went on to describe the terrors of the judgment to the unsaved. It was a vivid picture he draw, and awful in its details, "Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Every man who is mocking God knows not the day nor the hour when He

will say to you. T never knew y and then the speaker sat down.

Mr. Bilhern sang "Shail I Be Says Night?" and as he did so a wa emotion passed over the audience.

Then Dr. Chapman rose again, He those who had a desire to be to hold up their hands. To stranger was among the first the desire. It was a grimy went up, but it went up just Then the woman held up her instantly their eyes met. Then as sudden came over the events.

as sudden came over the both. But they only held th its meaning.
"Those who will say: "I r
Jesus Christ as my Saylor. said Dr. Chapman, and the

"Tom," she said, then her he "Mary," he responded, as away a tear. Then their han

"Yes, Mary," and their

Then out into the star-

HIS FORECAST WAS CORR Thompson Told Ills Wire It Mist and It Did. weatherwise

when making weather predi

And the lasting content she bestows : I opened my treasures, around me

spair.
How soon they forsook me to wait at the fair!
When I talked of planets that roll through the skies.
Their minds were on dimples and beariful eyes;
I half down positions, and strays to stepplain. They thought of Eliza, Louise, and Jane I saw a fine youth, as apart he retird. He seemed with the ardons of science spired: His books and his pen he disposed in d

Ah! fond expectation! I saw with to

place.
And deep lings of thinking were marked on his face.
Sweet hope in my breast was beginning.

his side:
Alasi ar acrostic, the verses were plane.
The name was all written, the letter were scann'd.
The initials arranged to promote the

main:
Ring it out, angel, from upland to the Ring, till the war-god lies deal we slain;
Ring till extertion no coffers can for Ring till the rich are not greedy of Ring till hard labor's hand work a valu.

Ring till said sorrow's heart throbewith pain;
Plant till more genius hear no all